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**FARTHER WARE.**—John G. Cohen has desired us to call the attention of earthenware dealers, country buyers, and others, to his sale, this day, Friday, June 15th, 1866, at the Bank Arcade, Rooms, at 11 o'clock precisely, consisting 25 packages of assorted earthenware. For further particulars see advertisements in the day's issue. Without the slightest reserve. Functional attendance is desired.—**ADV.**



## FRENCH MEDIATION.—THE "COPPER-HEADS."

(From the Special Correspondent of the Spectator.)

By the intermediate mail you will have received the diplomatic correspondence published here on Friday last, relative to the position of mediation offered by the Emperor Napoleon. Stripped of its verbiage, its assurances of distinguished consideration, the ornaments, the elaborations, the effusiveness, the floridity, the flatulence, and the profundity which illumine the style diplomatic, its plain meaning is this:—"You Americans over there have quarrelled long enough. Get together as many as may be necessary for a great palaver; talk the matter over for any reasonable length of time, and make a peace. Make a peace, and save your Union. If you can; but at any rate make a peace, and let the Union alone—the dogs—if it must." To which Mr. Seward—if I may be pardoned for reducing his polished diplomatic rhetoric to the vernacular—answers, "No you don't!"

Whoever will take the trouble, will find precisely this, no more, no less, in a bad translation of the French of M. Drouyn de Lhuys, and the unexceptionable English of Messrs. Dayton and Seward, in six columns of solid *agitate* in the New York journals of Friday last.

It is difficult to doubt that the proposition of M. Drouyn de Lhuys was specially framed to elicit a *replu*. Had he proposed simply, without suggesting any positive determination, that an extraordinary Congress of delegates from both sections of the Union be convened to consider the present condition of affairs with or without the consent of the powers, such a proposition would have found a large party ready to advocate its acceptance. Had he proposed a Court of Arbitration, composed of friendly and impartial foreigners, to whom our national difficulties should be submitted, that also would have found many friends. But a proposition with the *ultimatum* of disunion appended to it so implies a foregone conclusion, so necessitates a prejudgment of the case to be accepted in the event of the failure of negotiation through which the rebels should return to their allegiance, that it carried with it its own inevitable rejection.

Was such the object of the French Emperor? Who can fathom the purposes of that Imperial scheme? We must wait for light on this point from his future course. Will his next step be a recognition of the Southern Republic—that to be followed by armed intervention, a treaty offensive and defensive? What are his designs in Mexico? Have these any ulterior object in the West Indies? Has England no interest in "the balance of power" anywhere but on the continent of Europe? His protestations of friendship for the United States may be perfectly sincere, or they may not be worth the paper on which they are written. But certainly history is worth nothing if we may learn what Louis Napoleon means by what he says.

In the meantime, the offer of mediation, in the shape in which it came, only serves to unite our own people, from the apprehension, vague but still positive, of possible outside danger. Mr. Seward, by its rejection, gains the approbation of the country, and secures, perhaps, a new lease of official life. I referred in my last letter to a recent movement for a change in the Cabinet. It was aimed especially at Mr. Seward, whose influence over the President is known by those—indeed, universally known—who believe that our national salvation depends upon an energetic prosecution of the war, to be almost supreme and excessively pernicious. The attempt failed because one senator was treacherous, and betrayed the plan prematurely, and many senators were timid, and feared to face a storm of their own raising. The effort, however, was about to be renewed, when the appearance of the French correspondence again defeats it. At the outset of the war Mr. Seward said in a despatch to a foreign Minister, that the "President accepted the dogma that the rebellion could never be put down by force of arms," or words to that effect—I quote from memory—and his whole official career has since been governed in accordance with that statement. And hence his reiterated prophecy, made over and over again, and over and over again shown to be false and absurd, that the rebellion would be put down in sixty or ninety days. In accordance with this view, he has been hissing and snuffing over the President, exercised so warily and carefully, however, that the President no doubt—whose integrity nobody questions—was quite unconscious of the end to which that influence was directed. Eighteen months after the assertion that he accepted the "dogma" of the invulnerability of the South was printed, Mr. Lincoln indignantly denied that Mr. Seward had ever said any such thing. It is not necessary to doubt the entire honesty of Mr. Seward's belief, and of his course of conduct founded on that belief; but it is certain that a man so believing could pursue no other than a halting, indecisive, and weak policy in the conduct of the war, such as that of the Administration has been—largely through his influence. But the time to renew the attempt for his removal from the Cabinet would not be well chosen at the moment when he was receiving the applause of the country for an act which receives its entire approval, and which is so clearly in the right direction.

I do not mean, however, that that approval has not its exceptions, for that would be to ignore the existence of the greatest obstacle to our progress—the anti-war or Democratic party. Not all of this party, by any means, dare to advocate the acceptance of such mediation as that proposed by France, or to find fault with Mr. Seward for rejecting it. But there are some who do, and these are known by a name just now coming into vogue, as "Copperheads." Recent as the fact is, nobody knows—as the case generally is with such party designations—the origin of the name, or how it came by this application. But there is in our forests a snake known by this name, remarkable for its thick-headedness, for its venom, and for its treachery, for it strikes always without warning, and its bite is fatal. These are the natural attributes, and also of the political "Copperhead," and he lurks everywhere, seeking always to bury his fangs and distil his venom into the body of the Republic. He is a more dangerous enemy by far at this moment than the Southern traitors, who at least that warning cry he strikes. The "Copperheads," at this moment, are our most dangerous foes. They form a nucleus around which all hostile elements gather—the treacherous, the timid, and the despairing alike. They avail themselves constantly and ingeniously of the old prejudice against the Abolitionists, of the only cowardly fear so long fostered in favour of slavery, which still influences the unthinking multitude, notwithstanding the incontrovertible and patent fact that it is slavery which has heaped upon us an immense national debt, which has arrayed the two sections of the Union against each other, and brought lamentation and sorrow to almost every hearth-stone in the land. And such a party as this, that it is compact, well organized, possesses the courage of desperation, and

appeals to old ideas; while its opponents are divided among themselves, struggling with the birth of a new idea, and, though in possession of the Government, trammelled by its want of energy, its want of courage, its hesitation to accept, or its incompetency to understand, the situation in which it is placed.

In the meantime, there is a lull in war matters—a season most favourable for political combinations against the prosecution of the war itself. The army of the Potomac is undergoing, under its new General, Hooker, a thorough and much needed reorganization. A volunteer army has its disadvantages as well as its advantages. The soldiers are citizens still, and they carry with them into the army the passions and the prejudices and the likes and the dislikes, the principles and the vices of the civil life. The army of the Potomac was filled with men who were attached to McClellan, not as a general, but as the representative of a political policy. The men who obeyed it to fight for the Union were ready to obey it to follow any leader who was put over them. Thus General McClellan and no insubordination to contend with, but the men who looked upon the war as only a new political complication of affairs would give no hearty support and obedience to any but a political general. Thus General McClellan left behind him, when removed, an insubordinate element which demoralised the army, and which General Burnside contended against in vain. General Hooker's first attention has been given to this state of things, and he devoted himself to reorganizing his army and restoring to it, by stringent army orders, military tone—not making it an army of soldiers and not of politicians. Till this work is finished you will not hear of his moving on the enemy beyond his camp fires.

## RUSSIAN REFORMS.

Two times has arrived in which the emancipation of the Russian peasantry is to be rendered complete. With the 2nd of March terminated the period which the Emperor allowed to the proprietors and their serfs for the final settlement of their mutual accounts. At the end of that time it was hoped that definite arrangements would have been made, and that nothing would be left for both parties to do but to celebrate the anniversary of liberation by a universal festival. But what monarchs propose their subjects are not always disposed to accept. The time has elapsed, and the question still remains unsettled. The serfs are inclined to work out their own liberation, and their former masters find themselves in a strangely anomalous position. The bargains which ought to have been concluded have not in most cases passed through even the preliminary stages, and the Government will be obliged to devise means for settling a hundred thousand suits, each involving the contending interests of a herd of ignorant and angry litigants. The Emperor's good intentions, which long before this ought to have resulted in facts, are compelled to remain mere ideas; and his single will appears unable to cope with that of stubborn millions, who present a passive resistance which no entreaties can modify, and no arguments can overcome. The Ministry has yet afforded little assistance, and the army of officials is as powerless as it is unpopular. The Emperor may well look around in dismay for counsel, and it is even possible that he may at times be inclined to listen to a voice which, from secret hiding-places, and through the medium of concealed and proscribed speakers, calls for the convocation of the old and half-forgotten States-General.

The recent number of the *Quarterly Review* contains a learned and interesting article on the decline and fall of constitutional Government in Russia, and of those popular assemblies the revival of which is now demanded by the more advanced members of the liberal party. The early history of that country is not an alluring subject. So little has been written about it by impartial authors in generally intelligible languages, that the Slavonic portion of Europe appears to most voyagers up the stream of time to be wrapped in impenetrable mist, muffled voices only being vaguely heard within it, and a few indistinct forms dimly looming through its veil. At last, Peter the Great emerges from the cloud, the palace of St. Petersburg starts up from the swamps of the Neva, the beard falls off from the Muscovite chin, and the Russian empire takes its place among the Powers that be. From that period despotism is its characteristic; and the old constitutional restrictions on arbitrary power, and the assemblies in which the voice of the people made itself heard, being effectually concealed from the descendants of a race of freemen, are eventually forgotten by them. But hidden away among the mouldering archives of decaying towns, and written in a language of which few foreigners understand a word, there still exists the records of a time when slavery was unknown in the land, when patriotism meant something nobler than a blind obedience to a single irresponsible chief, and when the virtues which freedom fosters were more than historical reminiscences.

In the article to which we have referred, a sketch is given of the progressive steps by which the towns of Russia, originally "mere agricultural or pastoral groupings of population, ultimately became industrial and administrative centres," around which were formed distinct and provincial communities, till at last they united in a communal federal union, of which Novgorod and Pskov were the capitals. The authority of each commune was vested in a *veche*, or common council, at which it is supposed that every citizen had a right to be present, although only the representatives of the town population and the officers of the Government had the power of speaking and of voting in it. By it the mayor, and at Novgorod both the prince and the archbishop were elected. In the internal affairs and the foreign relations of the State were discussed; it could constitute itself into a criminal court for the trial and punishment of felons; it exercised a control in all matters relating to internal police, finance, and the administration of justice; and it had a voice in every declaration of war or conclusion of peace. The towns in those days were peopled by a race of sturdy burghers—men accustomed to deliberate freely about their own affairs, and very jealous of any unconstitutional interference with their rights, on the part of their princes; and the open country, which was looked upon as the general property of all, was farmed on the purest communistic principles by peasants who were their own masters, and were able to wander freely wherever they chose.

This state of things lasted until the Tartar invasion. Under the Mongol rule the liberties of the towns became restricted, while the power of the princes increased, and when an attempt was made to drive out the invaders, the necessity arose for a centralisation of power. The grand dukes of Moscow gradually became arbitrary sovereigns, and when Ivan the Great had succeeded in freeing the country from the Tartar rule, he proceeded to subjugate it to himself. The

*veches* were abolished throughout Russia, and the bells which had been wont to call together the citizens of the little republics were silenced for ever.

But the grand dukes of all Muscovy, and their successors the Czar of all the Russias, found a difficulty in ruling without the aid of some kind of representative councils, and accordingly the place of the *veches* was taken by "a series of assemblies which, although desultory and unfrequent, were nevertheless parliaments on the broadest basis of popular franchise." In 1550, a code of laws was framed by the States-General, a body consisting of the chief officials of Church and State, and deputies elected by the clergy, the nobility, and the bourgeoisie. In 1566 they were summoned to give their advice respecting the war with Poland, and in 1584 to assist at the consecration of a new czar. On his death, the line of Rurik being extinct, the States-General proclaimed his brother-in-law as his successor, and again in 1613 they met to choose a Sovereign for the vacant throne. Their choice fell upon Michael Romanoff, who was obliged to swear that he would observe the conditions of a charter which was drawn up by the "council of the whole land," and which stipulated "that he would neither make new laws nor change old statutes, and that in all important matters he would not give an arbitrary decision." But soon after his accession Michael is supposed to have withdrawn this charter, and to have replaced it by another in which the conditions limiting the power of the Sovereign were omitted. What became of the original document is not known with any certainty, though a box which is said to contain it is shown in the museum at the Kremlin, but the new one is still preserved in the archives of the Russian Foreign Office. Gradually the States-General lost their power under the mismanagement of Michael's son, Alexis, the Patriarch Philaret, but after his death they partially regained their importance. In 1689 they were convoked by the Czar Alexis Mikhailovich for the purpose of compiling a new code of laws, and again in 1693, in order to give their opinion concerning the petition of the Malo-Russian Cossacks to be taken under the protection of Russia. The successor of Alexis called them together for the sake of altering some of the privileges enjoyed by the nobles, but on his death, in 1682, they were dissolved by the Regent Sophia.

With the dissolution of this assembly terminates the Parliamentary history of Russia. Peter the Great utterly disregarded the constitution which Michael Romanoff had sworn to observe. The mass of the people he despised profoundly, while he cordially detested the nobility; and accordingly his rule became a ferocious despotism, under which the nobles declined into insignificance, while the peasantry sank into a state little superior to that of the brutes they overpowered. The whole of the executive power of the Czar passed into the hands of a bureaucracy, formed on the most approved German model. The "peculiar institution" of slavery had by this time produced its natural results. Originally the Russian peasant was, in every sense of the word, a free man. Gradually his liberty became restricted. In the middle of the thirteenth century a census was taken, in order to secure the regular collection of taxes, and at the same time all dwellers upon State lands were summarily forbidden to leave them without special permission; thus the custom gradually arose of allowing the rural population to migrate at the beginning and end of the agricultural season. This custom was legalised by successive ordinances of the Czar, but the death blow was not given to freedom till the 24th of November, 1597, when a decree was issued forbidding all peasants to leave those lands on which they should be found that day. From that time they became slaves, bound to the soil, and subjected to the arbitrary proprietor of the land they tilled. Under the curse of slavery they rapidly degenerated; and when Peter the Great mounted the throne, he found himself the ruler over a nation of savages. The idea of the people having a right to share his power with him was not likely to occur to that illustrious madman, and neither he, nor any of his profligate successors, until the time of Catherine II., gave a thought to the subject. But her ideas were more extended, her views more enlightened. She wished to be popular with her subjects, she was anxious to gain the applause of the philosophers, and she longed to become celebrated as a lawgiver. In order to gain these three ends she appointed a commission for the preparation of a new code of laws, the members of which were elected by the people, and which formed in reality a Parliament in which all classes of the nation were fairly represented. The deputies assembled at Moscow in July, 1767, and carried on their deliberations there and at St. Petersburg until the spring of 1798. From them originally emanated the idea of the numerous administrative and judicial reforms which rendered the reign of Catherine really illustrious. To them also belongs the merit of having recommended at least a modification of serfdom, and a return to constitutional principles of government; but councils such as these proved so distasteful to even a philosophic Empress, that she promptly dismissed her representatives of advice. Since that time, almost a hundred years ago, no general assembly has represented the Russian nation. The Czar's power strengthened as it grew older, and an increasing population grovelled contentedly before the demigod who adorned the imperial throne. During the reign of Nicholas the system of absolutism reached its fullest development, and until his death there seemed to be not the slightest chance of a recurrence to constitutional principles. But now all is changed. The Emperor Alexander has organised a system of reforms more sweeping than the most daring Radical would have ventured to suggest a few years ago. Slavery is abolished, Justice is unshakable, Truth is requested to step out of her veil, and Freedom is invited to consider herself at home. No at least declare some few sanguine admirers of the imperial policy. There are not wanting on the other hand, gloomy critics who protest that the reforms are mere shams, that the promises of the Government are specious deceptions, and that the apparent progress of liberal ideas is really the commencement of a retrograde movement. But the pessimists seem clearly in the wrong. Much undoubtedly remains to be done, still much has been effected. The emancipation of the serfs is a measure for which the Emperor deserves the highest credit, and the legal reforms are good as far as they go. It is stated that the ancient representative assemblies of Finland are to be reconstituted, the Government having found it so difficult to feed its subjects in that province during the recent famine, that it has become inclined to recognise their partial independence. Poland might possibly obtain the same favour, if the voice of Liberal Europe could reach imperial ears; and the whole empire might after a time share in the benefits already enjoyed by its outlying dependencies.

The constitutional party in Russia grows stronger every day, and, unless its influence were checked by the reaction which the Polish insurrection must create, it might even be able before long to eject its enemies from office, and to afford to the Emperor the aid of a Ministry which would possess the confidence of the nation, and enable him to fulfil the glowing promises he has made, and to complete the revolutionary revolution he has commenced.—*London Review.*

## THE GENERATION OF 1789.

UNDER this title an article appears in the February number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, from the pen of M. Guizot. It is a portion of an introductory essay which is soon to appear prefixed to a collection of M. Guizot's speeches, and has been permitted to appear in advance in the pages of the only French periodical in which the old and better days of French thought are still reflected. The theme on which M. Guizot mainly dwells is the confidence he feels in the restoration of public liberty in France, and the doctrine of the ancients of freedom are weary, distant, and dependent, and that its new friends are few in number, and not ostensibly backed by public liberty is unshaken, because his faith in France may no more be made hopeless by the revival of the Napoleonic Empire than England, who loved liberty ought to have despaired when the Stuarts ceased going to have everything their own way. France is in the main, and at times in her own destiny, tending towards political liberty, and therefore, he contends that these deductions from the philosophy of history do not give quite so much comfort as they seem to give M. Guizot. If a man is so much in the theory that political liberty is the destiny of France, it is easy to prove that all things since the age of Louis have been moving in that one most desirable direction, and that he sets out with a false theory, he may not see things quite so favourably as M. Guizot sees them. The value of the whole method of looking at the past as a great reality, and of tracing the line of modern civilization to the inner shrine of modern civilization, is not yet to be decided. The philosopher who hereafter attempts to determine it will have the advantage of history do not to the works of M. Guizot, but over can be made of the theory has been made of it there, and he will readily acknowledge that, whether wholly, or partially, or in no degree true, it has at least given a charm to the study of the past, and an apostle. M. Guizot's tendency to sum up the results of his reflections on history in the language of a sensible and eloquent philosophy not because they are his own. But the same time his anxiety to look at the past and present as a whole, and to seize on the binding link which connects the two, and to trace the line of modern civilization to the inner shrine of modern civilization, is not yet to be decided. The philosopher who hereafter attempts to determine it will have the advantage of history do not to the works of M. Guizot, but over can be made of the theory has been made of it there, and he will readily acknowledge that, whether wholly, or partially, or in no degree true, it has at least given a charm to the study of the past, and an apostle. M. 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## WATFARING NOTES.

**February 15th.**—A light breeze had carried us on a few miles during the night, and then we brought up under the village of Byadieh, inhabited by Christian Copts. By the side of some of the houses were marked with crosses. Got underway again at seven a.m., with a good north wind. While gliding along we noticed many porches and doorways of tombs along the eastern ridge, at a considerable elevation above the river. Passing a few more towns, a picturesque object appeared before us—Gebel Sheikh Said, a detached portion of the eastern range coming close to the river. In sailing close under the frowning mass we noticed that the rock had a singular honeycombed or spongy appearance, no doubt from the action of the atmosphere. Numerous grottoes and well-cut doorways were visible; and many rounded boulders were lying about, as at Beni Hassan. The eastern range now recedes from the river, and leaves a wide sandy plain, on which stands the village of Tel-el-Amarna. Sakiahs and shadeos abound thereabout. In one place I noticed three pairs of shadeos working together, raising the water by three successive stages to the top of a high bank. The uniform movement of the poles and buckets, as the six men kept time to a monotonous chant, had a pretty effect. The creaking of the sakiahs and the mournful song of the shadeo-men are among the most persistent and characteristic sounds of Egypt. The eastern range again approaches the river, and forms the fine cliff of Aboofayda. We passed some towns and islands; and noticed a group of Theban palms—the fruit of this tree is said to have the flavour of gingerbread. In running E.S.E. along the lofty face of Aboofayda the wind got too strong for us, and our crew had to stow the large mainsail and to set the small mizen in its place. This picturesque ridge, of contorted strata of limestone, kept by us for ten or twelve miles, and culminated in a grand beetling cliff, some 400 feet high. The river then turned sharp away to the south-west, and now, being freed from the eddying squalls under the mountain, we set the big mainsail again and rushed along at a noble speed. At 6 p.m. we passed Manfalout, 230 miles from Cairo—a pretty large town, but it is being cut into and destroyed by encroachments of the river. Turning eastward again, we once more approached the ridge of Aboofayda. We kept on all night with a light wind, and in the morning found ourselves at El Hamra, the port of Siout, twenty-five miles from Manfalout. In our agreement with Ras Ali he had stipulated for a day at Siout in order to make bread, but we had got on so fast that the bread was not exhausted, and so he proposed that we should keep our hold of the fair wind and proceed. This we agreed to; but as a man had been sent up to town for some things, we were detained till about ten o'clock. This spare time we employed in rambling about El Hamra. There is a fine grove of sycamores, or Nile acacia, here; also lotus trees, yucca, figs, lemons, and others, besides the usual date-palm. Inland we saw ten or twelve minarets of Siout rising above the palm groves; and further still, the bold range of the Libyan Mountains, honey-combed with grottoes and tombs. In the village we came upon a party of men squatted on the ground, smoking long pipes and eating a circle of women, singing and wailing, frequently throwing up her arms and screaming. This was preparatory to a funeral, for after a time they brought out a bier covered with red cloth, and carried it away, the men marching in front, then the bier surrounded by four flags, and lastly the women, still wailing.

Continuing our voyage, we sailed eastward a few miles against a pretty strong current, and then turned to S.E., passing villages with extensive groves of sycamores and palm, and enjoying fine views of the eastern and western ranges. About fifteen miles above Siout, we came to a village called Nuhayla, which seemed to be made up chiefly of pigeon-houses. These were different from what we had previously seen, being square towers, painted white and figured near the top, and having little turrets at the angles. The village had thus a singularly picturesque appearance, being like a large fortress, with towers and battlements, nestled in a palm grove. After passing Rasineh the river makes some very sharp bends, having evidently changed its former bed. The eastern range (which here contains many tombs and some old quarries) turns abruptly away to the east, then curves round and comes back to the river to form the prominent bluff called Gebel Sheikh Herodees. The amphitheatre thus enclosed looks sandy and sterile, but it contains a town named Goy; and, as the land is very low, there may be fertile tracts not visible to us from the boat. The wind died away in the evening, but when we came under the bold cliffs of Herodees (some 600 feet high) at 10 p.m. it returned in violent gusts, and it continued only by great watchfulness and activity on the part of our crew that we were saved from being capsized, and then from being driven upon the rocks. At half-past ten, as we were going at great speed before the gale we ran stem on upon a sand-bank, and the boat, turning broadside to the wind and current, fell over nearly on her beam ends, sending all loose articles flying. This stopped our progress for the night.

**February 17th.**—Got underway at 7 a.m., and had a delightful day of quick sailing, fine scenery, and cool delicious weather. The chief towns we passed were Ekhim, Menahieh, and Girgeh. The two former are remarkable chiefly for their picturesque array of square pigeon-towers. These towers seem to be used as dwellings in the lower part, while the upper story is devoted to the pigeons. Many shadeos were working hereabout. The men engaged upon them had very little clothing, sometimes none. One had a few green leaves tied round his waist, and the other a red cloth. It seems strange that they do not rig up windmills for pumping. They might be of very simple construction, as the wind blows from the northward pretty steadily for nine months in the year.

Menshieh is being cut into and destroyed by the river. It is built on old mounds of rubbish, and has itself a very crumbly appearance. Girgeh is also being eaten away, but it has not suffered so much as the other, and is still a pretty place. The landing-places at these larger towns are generally enlivened by numerous boats, and by groups of villagers and denizens. We made a halt at Girgeh, for the purpose of laying in provisions, of which we were short. There was a very fair bazaar, tolerably clean, and well covered over head. The baziers of the lot-rete (or *sak*) were exposed in considerable quantities. We bought some leaves but found them rather tasteless. We noticed people engaged in weaving ornamental borders on pieces of silk, producing a pretty effect, with very simple apparatus. Looking into a mosque, we came upon a group of some twenty children squatted on the ground round a schoolmaster, who was teaching them to read and write upon what seemed pieces of

timed iron. The boys read in a sing-song manner, and swayed their bodies backwards and forwards while the master beat time with his hands. We found a similar school in another mosque. While passing through the bazaar, a Copt asked if one of us was a doctor, and made an appeal for some medicine. He looked very unwell, but our boy could not interpret sufficiently to enable me to find out what was the matter, nor had I any stock of medicines. As he was very importunate we took him down to the boat, and gave him some simple remedies, that at least could do no harm. Mr. H. had some Arabic bibles in the boat, and, finding that the Copt could read and understand them, we made him a present of one, with which he seemed much pleased, and promised to lend it to his neighbours. There are many Copts in this town, which, indeed, is named after St. George, the patron saint of the Copts as well as of England. Before starting I ascended a minaret, and had a very good view over the surrounding green plain, with the winding river and the precipitous limestone range on the east. At this place we gave the crew bakshish to the extent of a dollar, and we had done as passed at El Hamra. We got away about 5 p.m.; named Bellianah at Siout, and made fast to the bank about nine o'clock, the wind having failed us. I noticed to-day the mixing up of cut straw or chaff with river loam and water, for the purpose of making bricks. They are finished by simply drying in the sun, the whole process being probably identical with that carried on by the Israelites, and indeed by the Egyptians themselves, in the most ancient times.

**February 18th.**—Resumed the slow process of tracking, there being no wind. We ought to have taken advantage of the calm to visit the ruins of Abydos, about eight miles inland, but as we approach Thebes our anxiety to get on increases. Three dahabiehs, with European travellers, passed us to-day on their way down; four passed yesterday. The eastern range is near the river, and, as usual, shows a fine bold face. About noon we got entangled among mud-banks. Passed a village called Bahannia, with extensive groves of date and the palm trees, sycamores, and others. While walking on shore I came upon heaps of white, agate, &c., and compact limestone containing fossils. In the afternoon a light westerly breeze sprang up and carried us gently along. The evening was mild and beautiful. Our men got out their drum, tambourine, and cymbals, and entertained us with songs and dances, while one clever fellow gave us a ludicrous imitation, or rather caricature, of the dancing girls. Now and then a boat floated down, with the rowers dipping their oars lazily to a plaintive song. There are many shadeos on the banks, and their creaking comes across the water like the noise of an army of frogs, mingled with strange cries or choruses of the men—a most curious combination of sights and sounds, but all tending to dreamy repose. The setting sun diffuses a soft purple light. A hazy veil hangs over the mountain range, which here shows one of the most picturesque bits of rock scenery we have had. Wind just enough to keep our sails afloat, but not enough to rattle the oars, or to whisper among the palm groves. The mounds and ruins of an ancient city now line the western bank, adding a new feature to the pleasant scene. With the fading light, droves of cattle, sheep, goats, camels, and asses pass along the margin of the river, wending homeward from their various pastures, or from their daily toil. The river now takes a sharp turn towards the N.E. The light westerly air took us well up this reach, but died away as we neared the next bend. Seven boats were in company, and it became very amusing to watch the efforts of the little fleet, by towing, poleing, and trimming their sails to every puff, to get round the corner. Now one, and then another, drew ahead, while the crews chatted with each other, and joked and laughed vociferously, quite a merry regatta under the bright moon. At length, the Augusta beat them all (as she generally does), but by ten o'clock it was quite calm, and we brought up under the village of Kainieh.

**February 19th.**—On awaking, I heard an extraordinary screaming and shouting in the fields round the village, which rather puzzled me; but on getting ashore I discovered that the uproar was caused by people among the young corn (wheat or barley just bursting into ear), exerting themselves to frighten away the birds. They used slings and stones for the purpose, as well as their lungs. We continued our course eastward, with a light southerly air. Off Dimeh, at noon, a pretty large village, with no end of square pigeon-towers. Some are in ruins, being partly washed down by the river. There are fine groves of palm, sycamore, nut, and tamarisk, in the neighbourhood. In the afternoon we passed a crocodile basking on a sandbank—the first we have seen. The river takes another bend to the northward, and for a time we steered N.N.E. Beautiful scenery on both sides. The western range approaches picturesquely on the one hand, while there is a very fine bit of the Eastern range in view on the other. Groves of trees and green corn on the banks contrast finely with the purple hues of the mountains. Our course turned to the east and south-east, and brought us to the port of Keneh at half-past five, 64 miles from Girgeh, and 406 from Cairo. The sun set in a fiery glow behind Dendera, and gave place to a brilliant moon. Several dahabiehs with English travellers were lying at Keneh, and among them I found Mr. Alfred Denison. His boat dropped down the river at night along with Lord Londesborough's, and we gave them a grand salute of guns and squib-rockets as they passed. The temperature to-day has varied from 43° at sunrise, to 73° at half-past two.

**February 20th.**—We had intended to devote this day to Dendera and Keneh, but a strong westerly wind sprang up in the night, and induced us to proceed on our voyage. The wind, however, failed us in an hour; the tow-ropes were again in requisition, and we went ashore to walk. The river here is fringed with luxuriant crops of wheat carefully irrigated; while on the west the Libyan Mountains form a magnificent purple-tinted background. Respecting the beautiful colour of the rocky and sterile ranges which of late we have often had occasion to admire, I must quote a characteristic passage from Miss Beaufort: "My idea of the Nile before I came to Egypt, had always been of flat, shallow banks, and a palm-tree or a mud hut here and there, such as it is in the Delta. I was, therefore, most agreeably surprised with the beauty and variety of the banks after flowing this day to Dendera and Keneh, but a strong westerly wind sprang up in the night, and induced us to proceed on our voyage. 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